THE EMERALD.

....SEMPER REFULGET.....

No. 2.

Boston, Saturday, May 10, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Emerald.

THE WANDERER,
No. XXVII.

BEAUTY.

APOLLO may strike the lyre to the charms of the fair. He may sing the *equal* liberality of nature, that gave the bird wings, the courser fleetness, wisdom to man, and BEAUTY to woman. Experience makes us infidels to the doctrine. "Heaven's last best gift to man" was endowed with the last best gift of God. BEAUTY can unfledge the bird, make the proud courser content to lose the goal, and convert wisdom into helplessness. Who laid TROY in ashes and lost ANTONY the world? BEAUTY. Who tempted Satan and first damned mankind? BEAUTY. And it is BEAUTY alone, that makes us resigned to the fall.

Sweet sorcerer! Thou killest, and thou makest alive, and thou givest to life "its sweetness and perfume!" More have died in thy lap, than ever fell in the field of battle. There they fall, and let them call it glory. Here they expire, and are proud to call it love. Thy frown may make the world aceldama; thy smile, paradise!

Descend, enchantress! Turn upon a votary, that would just touch the hem of thy garment, and with one look of benignity, cheer him forever!

BURTON, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," places beauty first among the causes of *honest* love. An epithet he uses in contradistinction to that pretended, calculating love, that makes men *brokers* at the altar of Hymen; there to utter vows with as little ceremony as they pass notes, and oftentimes in a similar capacity, merely as agents between third persons. I say "*makes men*," not to imply that there is no necessity for the distinguishing epithet in regard to *women*. It is doubtless too true, that many of these have accepted the proffered hand of a gentleman for no other reason, than because it held a most ponderous purse. *That* poetry is no fiction, which says,

That gold "would thaw *the consecrated snow*,
"That lies on DIAN's lap."

A fine hyperbole, written with all the elegance, and more than all the delicacy, usual to SHAKESPEARE! But when BURTON puts beauty foremost among the causes of *honest* love, what he means by beauty should be rightly understood.

"Tis not a set of features or complexion.
"The tincture of the skin, that he admires."

He includes in beauty, as essential to its existence, refinement of mind. He despises the nothingness of mere symmetry; nor does he believe, that shades of red and white make "the human face divine." He regards the eye for what it *expresses*; minds not *the glass*, but *what looks*

through it. Our fair countrywomen laugh at the folly of *glass eyes*; and can scarcely be made to believe, that such things ever were worn. But they are guilty of much greater folly themselves in not attending to what makes the eye beam with intelligence, than are ladies, who attempt this artificial vision. Their pains are indeed wasted to an absurd end. But in the others, no pains are taken for an important end. In that case, there is loss of great exertion for a trifling object; in this, loss of a great object for want of trifling exertion. Really were some sudden disaster to oblige half the belles in town to wear glass eyes, few, beside themselves, would perceive the change.

MILTON's description of Eve expresses best the idea of beauty in the eye.-

"Grace was in all her steps; *heaven* in her eye."

Evidently denoting the purity and intelligence, which it expressed.

Could the statuary, that attempted to make a perfect model for beauty from different parts of different figures, have transfused over the face of his image, the expression, which would have been given by the soul of MINERVA, the statue would have seemed, not to live and breathe merely, but to flash with sentiment and beam with purity!

The beauty of complexion, color, and features may perhaps be a cause of *honest* love, as opposed to interested attachment. But it is *not* a cause of honest love as opposed to *dishonest*, otherwise than from the bias of interest. The man, that can gaze at the vacant eye, the unmeaning smile, and forced floridness, till love kindles at the glance, is bribed by *gold, that only glitters*. He is either wretchedly ignorant, to be thus sadly duped, or flagrantly dishonest, thus to betray the first trust of heaven. Such a man has no *moral honesty* and is unmindful of all moral obligation. He sacrifices what constitutes the riches of heaven, MIND, to a smiling mischief, more worthless, than the riches of earth. He passes without notice the eye, that sparkles with intelligence, and lips, that have all the loveliness of angel wisdom, for the smile of folly and the ogle of inane simplicity. He prefers that beauty, which Time, that is passing by it, will soon blight in his shade, to the beauty, which brightens, as the shade grows deeper. A tribunal of reason would pronounce such a man mad, and a lord chancellor of taste would appoint him a guardian.

Reason has been considered as much the distinguishing attribute of man, as is beauty of woman. All that can be said in favour of the arts and artifices, used by women to improve their beauty, may be considered as solemn injunctions on men to improve their reason. Yet we often find the thing *completely unsexed*; women, that disregard person altogether, exclusively devoted to the cultivation of reason, and men, equally forgetful of reason, exclusively devoted to the decoration of person. Both these modes of conduct are equally *extreme*. To the first, what MONTESQUIEU observes, when speaking of the British Constitution, is perfectly apposite. "The *excess* of *reason* is not desirable;" an expression perhaps paradoxical, as it betrays *enthusiastic* atsachment to *moderation* and *extreme* love of *mediocrity*. Yet it is certainly true, in this instance, that there may be *excess* of reason. No man would wish to see on the face of a lady "the wrinkled brow of care," that would bespeak a metaphysician. Works of taste seem peculiarly fitted for the fair. They

should aim rather at refinement, than strength.

But the most disgusting object in creation is a young man, apparently unconscious, that he has a mind, altogether absorbed in the mere adornment of a pretty person.

"O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!"

These *dediti corpori* are infinitely more contemptible than SALLUST's "dediti ventri;" fops are far more to be despised than epicures; coxcombs than gluttons.

See LIGHTAIRS, the other side the street! He is tricked out in all the foppery of French caprice. He once had talents, but, ashamed of his tawdriness, they have long since left him. With what a smirk he peers in the face of every lady he meets! Follow him into that store. His hat is under his arm in a moment. His head is dressed quite in ton; well scented, pomatumed, and powdered. The barber took the hint from the cook, and made that dish *show most*, which *had the least in it*. "Each particular hair" stands on end, not "like quills upon a fretful porcupine;" but like feathers on the neck of a bristling cock turkey. "How are you Jack?" are the first words, that salute him. "Quite neat about the hair upon my word!" "'Pon my honour, sir," striking his boots with a stick, "not *a comb* has passed through it these three weeks.' Rustics, that did not know the existence of such a thing as *a hair brush*, would really be uncivil enough to call in question the gentleman's veracity.

"Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world" surely such cant is the most contemptible. LIGHTAIRS, in a ball room, is *the ladies' man* to perfection. No sooner is his partner at the bottom of a dance, than, since he knows it would be rudeness to ask her to take snuff, he whisks ye out a little box of perfumes, and revives her ladyship with *fixed air*.

From the fate of such grimace, good sense, deliver us! Were I not a Christian; did I not believe that "the breath of life" was "breathed into man, and man became a living soul," I should really think this fellow a mere *caput mortuum*. It requires so considerable an extension of faith to believe, that "the divinity" makes the least "stir within" *him*.

Could an interval be found from the dissipations of company and the fumes of wine, the lightning of some sudden reflection might stun LIGHTAIRS into his senses. Are we not in a state of probation? What then is the object of this fleeting existence?

"To raise the genius and to mend the heart."

To improve reason and of consequence morals. He, that utterly and wilfully neglects this object, lives in vain. He dies daily and by his own hand; a lingering suicide! The man, that trifles away life in the mere adornment of a handsome person, meets his death from BEAUTY. His fate is worse in fact, than was NARCISSA's in fable; inasmuch as a lingering death is worse than sudden dissolution. E.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

THE COQUETTE.....A Moral Tale

From the French.

THE whole fortune of Cephesia, at the age of twenty years, was a pretty person and a well cultivated mind. "This is to be *rich*," cries a critick; "with wit and beauty a young girl never fails to extricate herself from difficulty; with these two treasures may be purchased all the rest, which are deficient."

True! But it is with these as with all other treasures, every thing depends on management. The truly rich man is not he, who possesses the *most*; but he, who knows best how to employ his wealth; a knowledge, which neither the miser nor the prodigal possesses. We shall soon see whether Cephesia acquired this invaluable secret.

Hardly had Cephesia appeared in publick, when she was surrounded with adorers, but a little information soon dispersed the admiring crowd. "Cephesia was portionless; and Cephesia wanted a husband".....In this *iron age* all hearts sigh for money; and in most marriages it is *gold*, and not the woman that is espoused.

Notwithstanding this grand deficiency, a young man of singular amability, but of shallow understanding, became enamoured of our heroine and threw his fortune at her feet. But Cephesia discovered his want of wit and rejected his offer. "What folly," said a woman who knew life, "a good natured, stupid husband is a precious possession."....Cephesia knew not enough of the world to estimate duly the value of *such* a treasure.

A year after, another lover offered to enlist under her banners. *He* was not wanting in spirit; indeed Cephesia perceived he had *too much;* and this candidate was also discarded.

Had Cephesia been less blind to her own defects, she would have discovered, that a few freckles had scattered themselves over her complexion and impaired the lustre of her original beauty; but she had a faithless memory, which, taxing the mirror with falsehood, retraced only the image of her first charms. She was therefore not a little astonished, that five years rolled away without presenting a single lover.

"Became she more wise?"... No; and notwithstanding some warning lines were traced on her forehead in promise of future wrinkles, she still had no doubt of success, when more disinterested eyes should behold her.

All the young men disappeared; and though a husband at last offered himself, it was because he was forty years old and besides not very difficult. Cephesia refused him..."A husband of forty years and a wife of six and twenty!" it was murder in her eyes....she could not resolve on such a sacrifice.

Nevertheless Cephesia counted thirty years and was still unmarried. Chagrin now took possession of her mind, and the horrors of perpetual celibacy approached. After some further time had elapsed, she esteemed herself happy in espousing an old man stupid and ugly, who, besides to increase her ill fortune, took it into his head to live to the age of eighty.

Character of MALESHERBES as superintendent of the Press. From "Life of MALESHERBES," translated by E. Mangin.

TYRANTS cannot endure the liberty of the press: they resemble the ape in the fable, who broke the mirror that reflected his deformity.

It is to the care and benevolent exertions of Malesherbes that France is indebted for the Encyclopedia, the works of Rousseau, and many other productions, which he sheltered from proscription. Voltaire writes thus, the 4th of October 1773, to M. D'Argental: "M. de Malesherbes has rendered infinite service to human genius, in giving greater liberty to the press than it ever had before. We are already more than half Englishmen."

One day a bitter complaint was brought to the chancellor of an historical work, which appeared with approbation and privilege, and which contained, as was averred, some principles highly reprehensible: he sent for Malesherbes, his son, and seriously reproached him for publishing a work of such a nature, and choosing an injudicious censor: he also endeavoured to suppress the book, and to punish him who had been so heedless as to give his approbation to it. Malesherbes defended the author with all possible earnestness, and respectfully represented to his father that the charge was unfounded: he analyzed the work and the sentiments of the historian in the most interesting passages, reminded the chancellor of the general merit and precision of the censor he had selected; and propose dto him to stop the sale of the work for some days; send a copy to five different censors, whom his father should name, and order them to report, without delay, such passages as appeared to them fit to be suppressed. To this the chancellor consented. The five censors, who could not concert together, because each was ignorant that the other had the work in hand, quickly gave in their report; but, on comparing the parts criticised, not one was found to which all, or even a majority of them, objected: the passages indicated were different, and the number not the same, in any one report! Profound silence and considerable confusion formed the only answer to this striking lesson on the injustice and inutility of the censor's office: The work sold rapidly, and no more was said against it.

The resignation of MALESHERBES threw all the friends of literature into despair; for in him they lost a most enlightened and liberal protector. J. J. ROUSSEAU, whom he had always treated with distinction, and who would not have been a misanthrope, had all men in power resembled MALESHERBES, addressed the following letter to him. —"On learning your resignation, I sighed for the literary world, but I congratulate you: while you cease to be officially at its head, you will still remain there by virtue of your talents: by means of these you can delight your mind, and decorate your asylum. Busied with the attractions of literature, you are no longer compelled to witness its misfortunes; you may now philosophize more at your ease, and your heart will have less to suffer."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS

And Original Remarks.

In "Vaurien; or, sketches of the times," written by a literary and philosophical observer of the name of Charles Hamilton, there is much irony, and sarcastick remark. With great critical acumen the author satirises the theories, contained in the work called "Political Justice," and the reveries in the elegant "Botanick Garden." The following is an instance of his manner. Mr. Subtile, one of the characters in the work, in giving an account of a book he has written, takes occasion thus to observe:

"My first postulatum is, public interest is the sole test of virtue. 'Tis simple, as all 'first principles' should be; but the deductions are quite my own. Hence I prove, that gratitude is a vice. Your friend has effected you some essential service; you would return the same; and this repayment of benefits may be prejudicial to the publick good; hence you sacrifice to

your benefactor the duty you owe to virtue or the publick interest. Why should we be grateful? Gratitude is a solecism in the language of reason. No man can confer me a favour, but only do me a right."

This epigram from a work called the "Reporter; or, general observer," is neat.

Once at a masquerade, a painted fair
Was wand'ring o'er the rooms in piteous case;
"I've lost my mask," she cry'd with mournful air:
"No!" said a friend——"you have it on your face."

Of Dryden, the author of the "Pursuits of Literature" remarks, that "in harmony, strength, modulation, rhythm, energy, he first displayed the full power of the English language." Speaking of him as a satirist, he says, "Dryden's power of satire has been generally acknowledged in his Mac-Flecknoe; but his master-piece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, Absalom and Achitophel. He paints the horrors of anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo; and he gives the speeches of his heroes, with the strength, propriety, and correctness of Virgil. It is satire of the highest form; but it is satire addressed to the few. He could not, or would not descend to the minutiæ, which are often required, the anecdotes, and passing truths of the time. His satire had an original character. It was the strain of Archilochus, when sounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

When Barry and Mrs. Cibber revolted from Garrick's management at Drury-lane, they went to Covent Garden Theatre, and played Romeo and Juliet the first night. Garrick contested with them in the same play on the same evening. Both houses continued to repeat it twenty times without intermission. At length *Rich*, was tired of the contest; and *Garrick*, as a signal of victory, played Romeo the one and twentieth time. The publick lost the pleasure of variety, and grew tired with the struggle.

The following epigram appeared in the newspapers.

"What play to night," says angry *Ned*,
As from his bed he rouses!
"*Romeo* again!" he shakes his head,
"*A plague on both your houses!*"

Some critick pronounced Tansillo, the Italian, a better lyrick poet, than even Petrarch himself. Mr. Roscoe observes, "that this kind of commendation, which is intended to elevate one distinguished character at the expense of another, is of all praise the most equivocal. As every good author has his peculiar excellencies, so he will have his peculiar admirers. What purpose is answered by disputing, whether the grape, the nectarine, or the pine apple, be the most exquisite fruit?

ECHO: written in 1645.

What want'st thou, that thou art in this sad taking?
a King.
What made him first remove hence his residing?
siding.
Did any here deny him satisfaction?
faction.
Tell me, wherein the strength of faction lies?
on lies.
What didst thou, when the king left parliament?
lament.
What terms would'st give to gain his company?
any.
What would'st thou do, if here thou might'st behold him?
hold him.

But would'st thou save him with thy best endeavour?

ever.

But, if he comes not, what becomes of London? *undone.*

A lady of Edinburgh 55 years old, and one month a widow, was weeping over the tomb of her late husband; and, whilst a friend endeavoured to console her, was interrupted by the clerk of the church, who, in a half whisper said, "*the parties are now waiting.*"—"What parties, Mrs. Mills?" said her friend. "*Don't ask me,*" cried the afflicted matron, (grief almost choaking her utterance) "*I'm going to be-b-be married this morning to Mr. Carter.*"

Epitaph on Mr. Phillips a distressed musician.

Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or helpless love;
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before!
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
'Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!

After indulging his melancholy reflections on the state of the modern world,* an eminent writer concludes in the words of "that poet, whose only muses, were Cesar, and Brutus, and Cato, and the genius of expiring Rome."†

The shades of the happy spirits in Elysium had a gloom on their appearance. I saw the Decii, the parent and the son, souls which might well expiate the guilt of war; and Camillus himself in tears. Cataline stands in frantick exultation, with his chains burst and broken asunder, and by him the Marii, terrible of aspect, and the bare, naked Cethegi. I saw the Drusi, names of popular celebrity, Tribunes, extravagant in their proposals of laws and decrees; and the Gracchi, gigantick in their enterprises. Bound in the dungeons of Pluto, they rattled their adamantine, iron chains in sign of applause; and the guilty inhabitants of Tartarus seemed to claim for themselves the mansions of the just and good.

* Pursuits of literature.

† Lucan.

A NEW CONSTITUTION.

You uncle Thomas*! you make a constitution!

S'death! why not, as well as another?

I fear it will not answer.

Well, then, I will make a second.

Which will be no better.

Then I will try a third.

Which will not last longer than the other.

After meditating *two hours*, he produced the following:—

We are all free and equal; but you shall obey me, because I will have it so.

Rights of man. Every man has a right to live in plenty, and without doing any thing for his livelihood.

Of the Government. General Thomas, having been proclaimed grand regulator, shall regulate and misregulate, just as he pleases.

Civil and Criminal Code. As the only difference among men consists in the one wanting what another possesses, no man shall have any exclusive possessions of his own.

As magistrates are useless, where there are no disputes, there shall be no magistrate among us.

As there can be no occasion for prisoners or gaolers, or attornies,

* *The following ironical sketch has been abridged from a French novel, entitled,* My Uncle Thomas; *a novel, which, by its wit and humour, has acquired great celebrity throughout France.*

or hangmen, where there are no magistrates, there shall be neither hangmen, attornies, gaoler, nor prison.

We have thus got rid, in a moment, of what has embarrassed the whole world from the earliest period.

Of the Finances. There shall be established, in extraordinary cases only, a *general* and *voluntary* tax.

Upon Respiration. My tax is purely voluntary, for those, who do not choose to respire, will have no occasion to pay any thing.

THE SAILOR'S MARRIAGE.

ENTERING the only house of entertainment in the village, I was almost stunned with the rude and boisterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peasants, who were seated round a table, on which was a large bowl of punch, presided one of Neptune's sons, and by his side sat a plump, rosy-faced girl, covered with ribbons, medals, and rings. As I entered, the landlord rose to welcome me; and I desired him to let me have a mug of ale, and something to eat.

"Avast, there!" cried the sailor, "and bring to—Shiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I don't pay for. Come, my lad, bring yourself to an anchor. You shall mess with me to-day, by G—."

I was seated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumper to the health of the couple that were to be married.

"Yes," exclaimed the tar, throwing his arm round his neighbour's neck, and giving and taking a smack that went off as loud as a fourteen pounder; "Yes, Bet and I are going to grapple: we only wait for the parson to give the signal, and—"

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. I followed the procession, and witnessed the scene, that ensued in the church, between the parson and the tar. Every thing being quiet and orderly, the parson began, and presently came to,

"I, Richard Sprit, take thee, Elizbeth Bumfield, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or worse, for richer or poorer——" at these last words, the sailor made a dead stand.

"Say after me" said the parson.

"D——d if I do," cried he. "Avast, there—What, do you think I'm such a lubber as all that comes to?"

"Well," said the other, "if you don't say you will do this, I can't marry you."

"Well, I won't then," he replied, "for better and richer, if you will,—but d— me if I've any thing to do with poorer and worser." "Then, we have done," said the parson. When the sailor very sulkily agreed to go through the ceremony

ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

There dwelt at Izra a young nobleman, named Miravan, who was blessed with health, wit, beauty, and a sufficient competency of the good things of this world, which for some years he enjoyed with the most uninterrupted satisfaction, till, one day, walking among the tombs of his ancestors, he observed upon one of them the following inscription, almost erased by time.—"*In this tomb is a greater treasure than Crœsus ever possessed.*"—Inflamed with the very lust of avarice, he caused the ponderous and marble jaws (as Shakespeare calls them) of his ancestor's sepulchre to be opened; when, entering with rapturous expectations of finding immense treasures, he was struck speechless with disappointment to behold noth-

ing but a heap of bones, dust and putrefaction, with this inscription over it.——"Here would have dwelt ETERNAL REPOSE, a treasure Crœsus never possessed, which thou hast driven hence, being excited by an insatiable love of gold to disturb the sacred remains of thy progenitors. Had not reason been deluded by a false fancy, she would have told thee that the grave contains nothing but dust and ashes."

For the Emerald.

ODE TO FASHION.

A parody of GRAY'S *Ode to Adversity.*

Daughter of Plutus! spangled power!
Thou ruler of the female breast,
Whose glittering domes at midnight hour,
The belles do throng, the beaux infest!
Bound in thy folly-woven chain,
The Proud are taught to be more vain;
And female sparklers inly groan,
If they shine not in dress, admired, and alone.

When Venus, first to send on earth
Beauty, her lovely child, design'd;
To thee she gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Card-loving muse! thy mystic lore
With patience fifteen years she bore;
The toilet's art thou bad'st her know;
From her own skill she learn'd her glowing form to show.

Lur'd to thy willing arms, they fly,
Self pleasing folly's idle brood,
Laughter, and noise, & thoughtless joy,
That leave no leisure to be good.
Quick they attend, and with them go
The proud coquette, the flatt'ring beau;
By thy complying throng receiv'd,
To each they vow their love, and are by none believ'd.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Bright goddess, lay thy ring-deck'd hand;
Not in thy Persian glories clad,
Nor circled by the jewel'd band,
As by thy votaries thou art seen,
With lisping voice, and languid mein;
With quaver'd music's tuneful cry,
Scandal and lies, slander, and pompous vanity!

Folly, in motley garb array'd,
With ideot smile, and vacant stare;
And dissipation, listless maid,
With languid eye, that loves thy glare,
Still on thy mincing steps attend:
And flattery, the would-be friend;
Self love, who holds himself so dear;
False pity, dropping soft the hypocritick tear!

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear;
Thy milder influence impart!
Let friendship's sacred train be there,
To soften, and inspire the heart;
And playful mirth, and fancy wild,
Benevolence, and wisdom mild,
Good nature others' faults to scan.
Thus may I ever live, and prove myself a man!

R**.

DISPOSITIONS OF A FRENCHMAN AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

The former is as free in company he never saw before, as if he had seen them every day of his life; but an Englishman, on the contrary, will run into a corner; twist his thumbs; and if you can get *yes* and *no* from him, without stuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours, you may think yourself very well off. I believe that the perpetual gaiety of our neighbours arises from the freedom with which they discourse with one another; and from their running whenever they see a crowd, and pulling out a snuff-box; beginning, without farther ceremony, to chat with every one present about what's passing; by this means, they soon forget any little calamity that may afflict them: but if an Englishman labour under any, he will speak to nobody; but, hastening into solitude, mope, and drive himself into such a state of melancholy, as nothing but hanging can cure. The taciturnity of an Englishman admits a contradiction in one instance. He is the most perfect living thermometer and barometer in the universe. If all his friends had lost their sense of feeling and seeing, they would know as well from him, every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the liveliest use of both.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

TO THE CLASSICAL.

The literary galaxy is enlarged. A new edition of Junius is announced in London with "an original letter *never before published.*" Month. Lit. Ad. Dec. 1805. We doubt the authenticity of this letter. In the words of Junius this is probably "no more than a catch-penny contrivance of a printer, in which it is impossible Junius should be concerned, and for which he is no way answerable."

The 2d vol. of Good's LUCRETIUS, with the original text of Mr. Wakefield and notes philological and explanatory, has already appeared the other side the Atlantick. M. L. A. Nov. 1805.

A life of Dermody, the Irish poet, was expected to be published in January last. *Ibid.*

Ossian's poems had been printed in a new edition, with a connected view of the old and new controversies as to their authenticity. Men are still loth to believe, that the highlands of Scotia were ever vocal with the lyre of Ossian.

"Calvary," that admired imitation of Milton, and at least a rival for "Paradise Regain'd," by that correct writer of the old school, CUMBERLAND, is now issuing from the English press in its *sixth* edition.

The London Literary Advertiser, for February, mentions, that Dr. Davis was translating Pinel's treatise on Insanity; a work, that has attained great celebrity throughout France.

TO THE CURIOUS AND THE ANTIQUARY.

An important addition has lately been made to the European collection of Indian manuscripts. Nearly 15,000 Arabic, Persian and Sancrit books, Maj. Ouseley's property, have been recently brought from Bengal to England.

TO FEMALE REFINEMENT.

We announce with pleasure "Leonora," a new publication by MARIA EDGEWORTH, authoress of "Practical Education," and other works of varied excellence.

"Lectures on Natural Philosophy" are in the London press, from Mrs. BRYAN, the astronomer.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

"MARCELLUS" is not "exiled"; we shall feel "joy" in making the Emerald soon brighten with his communication.

"CASTIGATOR" must lash the ladies in secret for a time. He shall soon meet them in public face to face.

LEANDER's "Ode to Content" is on file. We hope the Nymph came at the call; and that the spell of the invocation will continue without publicity for a while. It shall not, however, be broken long.

From the goading severity of its censures, the essay on "PLEASURE" will be read by many with *pain*. We however shall give it insertion. It may be of melancholy measure; but is certainly of admirable, moral effect. Better sometimes "go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting."

"EDWIN's" lines on "The Seasons" are a happy attempt on a ha kneyed subject. Like them, it is never out of time. We shall give it insertion soon.

"FLODOARDO's judicious selection is acknowledged with pleasure.

"OLD CUSTOMER's" Lines to Miss A. T. D. we must decline inserting. If "the sighs" of the writer "first broke upon her ear" *in metre*, we wonder the lady ever could "listen."

"HISTRIONICUS," the author "of great effects from little causes," is advised to *read more* and *write less*.

"SOPHIA" has lost her wits. We send her to her favourite, "the French Doctor."

Henry to Myra, Lines from Cambridge, "Eremitus" and "W" are all on file.

Nor shall "The Rose" long
"Waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It would give us pleasure to gratify the feelings of a friend, by inserting the Letters of a deceased young man. But we doubt whether it would be paying respect to the dead

"To draw these frailties from their dread abode."

The poem in our present number is long; but its signal excellence made us loth to divide it. The poetical reader will recognise the machinery of GRAY's Bard, with the language of POPE's *Eloisa to Abelard.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Emerald.

AFRICA; OR, ZARA.

"CURST be the hour, forever writ in gore,
When baleful slavery sought our peaceful shore;
When desolation sadden'd every grove,
The soft retreats of liberty and love."
PLACED on a rock, that overhung the tide,
Thus torn with rage, indignant ZARA cried:
Around the waves, she cast her haggard eyes,
Seas dash'd beneath, and night involv'd the skies.
Wide o'er the waves the wint'ry wind was driven,
And rapid clouds conceal'd the lamp of heaven.
There ZARA, wand'ring, overlook'd the coast,
Wild with dismay, and wail'd her LACO lost.
Her hasty step was broken by despair,
Her eye distorted, and her bosom bare.
Heart-gnawing grief forbad her tears to flow,
But to the sea she sigh'd, and told the winds her wo.
"Curst be the hour, forever writ in gore,
When baleful slavery sought our peaceful shore!
There, by the silver moon's uncertain light,
I saw the phantom swim before my sight.
High to the heaven arose her giant form,
Awful and frowning as the northern storm.
Her hand a scourge, her arm upheld a chain,
And deathlike horror darken'd all the plain.
She seiz'd the youth. I saw my love depart,
While the chill blood ran freezing to my heart.
His hands she bound; she launch'd into the wave.
O, welcome death, for Laco dies a slave!"
"O, lost to honour, honesty, and truth!
Curst be the power, that stole away the youth.
Against thee may the elements combine;
May winds refuse to blow, the sun to shine!
Or if they blow; far, far mayst thou be driv'n,
And feel the thunder of avenging heav'n.
Or if he shines; O! may his light disclose
The dismal prospect of increasing woes.
What new sensations agitate my breast?
My passion burns, my rage is all represt.
May the bright God, who lightens heaven above,
Smile on the vessel that contains my love!
Sink down, ye waves, and each propitious breeze,
Fill the broad sail to waft him o'er the seas!
But can that breeze propitious prove,
O say,
Ye feeling few, that bears my love away?
Yet take him, take him—child of blood and strife!
Let chains confine; but spare, O spare his life.
Vain is the prayer, no power, no pity saves;
My eyes behold him sink amid the waves.
White o'er his head the boiling billows roar;
The world adieu, for LACO is no more!"
"O Africk! curst and hated of the gods,
Why bloom thy hills, why run thy inland floods;
Why bends the stalk with loaded ears of grain,
And Plenty's smile enlivens all the plain;
When the sad master of thy happy soil,
To foreign sorrow and to foreign toil,
By cruel Avarice transported o'er,
Feels anguish new and pain unknown before?
Glad I behold thy verdure fade away,
Thy beauties sicken, and thy charms decay.
Welcome the rains, that sweep the mountain side,
And add new waves to Gambia's mighty tide!
Grief darkens all the fields, and storms the sea,
And sympathizing nature mourns with me.
My sighs shall mingle with the distant roar;
Mutual we grieve for LACO now no more."
"O, had we shunn'd the storm with eager haste,
And sought a refuge in Cafraria's waste!

There would the ELEPHANT a home impart,
Great in his strength, but greater in his heart.
The LION there with generous shame would glow,
And prove his friendship to a feeble foe.
But man on man his store of art employs,
With wit deludes him, with his might destroys.
Such art to practise be the coward's care.
Who knows to slay, will have a heart to spare.
This did my Laco, brave in battle, prove;
The hand, that conquered, held the palm of love.
My heart shall lost humanity deplore,
For Laco's dead, and kindness is no more.
"What sweet illusions tempt my wav'ring mind?
I see his face, I hear him in the wind.
Together o'er the meads we seem to go;
A transitory moment, snatch'd from wo!
But soon the loved idea fades away;
LACO I call, but LACO will not stay.
O lost to love! no more wilt thou appear,
Dear pride of youth, for still I hail thee dear!
Dear to my eyes, as is the earliest ray,
That beams, fair streaming from the gates of day!
Dear to my heart, which still thy form retains,
As the warm drops, that riot in my veins!
Dear to my soul, as is—the Great Unknown,
Who made the world by wisdom all his own!
Is there a God, who sees our works below?
Bear me, that God, from scenes of mighty wo!
Thy aid, thy power sustaining, I implore!
Laco is gone, and aid is now no more."
"It is not blossoms of a thousand dies;
'Tis not the varied fruits the year supplies;
Nor smiles of plenty, that alone impart
Peace to the mind and pleasure to the heart.
'Tis *Law* and *Liberty's* united sway,
That give new raptures to the rising day.
How sweet the pleasures, that *your* presence give?
For you we die....with you we dare to live.
But absent, vain the fragrant blossom blows,
The verdure brightens, & the river flows.
In vain the year her yellow fruit matures,
Plenty can cure no pang the slave endures.
Adieu, ye groves and streams, your charms are o'er,
Laco is lost, and love is now no more!"
"Ah! why will fancy trace the joyous scenes,
When LACO came, the pride of all the greens;
When mirth celestial danced upon the plain;
When airy pleasure led her wanton train;
When fairy prospects rose before our sight,
And all was ease, contentment, and delight.
Pleas'd, I enjoy'd the dear, deluding dream,
The flowery meadow, and the purling stream.
Ah! happy hours, when in the citron grove,
Reclin'd we lay, and vow'd eternal love.
Anticipation lent her magick aid,
And wide the gates of happiness display'd.
But short the date of all my joy below;
The dream is vanish'd, and I wake to wo!
The vision flies, and leaves me to deplore
My hope decay'd, and Laco now no more.
"Yes! from this cliff did these sad eyes pursue,
The fleeting bark, still less'ning to my view;
I saw him rise; "Farewell, farewell," he cried,
And headlong rush'd amidst the thund'ring tide.
White o'er his head the circling billow close,
My Laco hastens to his dread repose.
But sure the youth, who liv'd, who lov'd so well,
Has found the place, where all the faithful dwell;
The place, where none obtrude, who snowy skin [sk
Proclaims, who boasts the privilege
That place I seek. Adieu! the wo of harms;
Welcome the death, that bears me his arms!
I come, I come, no longer I deplore
My Laco dead; for life is now no more."
She said, and darting from the dar height,
Sunk fearless to the realms of end night. POLLI

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